17

MRS. KEATS BRADFORD.

BEHIND THE LOOMIS HORSE.

Copyright: 1892: By The Tribune Association. The two on the back seat of the pung had already been on that back seat for hours, slowly moving into the northwest wind. Or it seemed as if it were hours. And they were only a little

"Mr. Jenks," said Rowena. She found that her chin and lips were so stiff that she could

hardly form those words Wall," responded Mr. Jenks with a slight sidewise movement of his head in her direction.

"Will it be any inducement for you to drive faster if I give you a dollar more for taking us to the other neighborhood?"

"Ain't you bright!" hoarsely whispered Rowena's sister. "He'll make you pay the dollar and he won't drive any faster, either. I know that old horse, and I should think you'd remember it. stove, and who was silently and exhaustively extoo. It's the one Mr. Loomis had when we were amining Rowena's clothes. little girls, and he sold it to Mr. Jenks for his express business."

She laughed feebly as she finished speaking. Rowena groaned. She remembered the Loomis drew the comforters about her. well. She would have recognized it if it had been daylight. On her way to school she had often been picked up by Mr. Loomis, who had come along in his open wagon with the high panelled back to the seat. He would draw in the winter, till now, and I ain't needed neither of my

"Hullo, little gal, dont you want me to give you

you a lift?" Rowena would shyly say, "thank you," and then clamber in and rest her dinner pail on her knee. while the old horse, she thought it was old then. would go just as the same horse was going now. The pace was if life on this earth were a thousand years in length. Rowens always had a nervous fear that she should be tardy when Mr. Loomis gave her a lift." She never dared to refuse, however. And Mr. Loomis always peered down into her face and exclaimed with great surprise : Why, it's one of Hiram Tuttle's little gals, ain't it?" Then he would chuckle and say s'pose you expect to git a nice husband some of

He never failed of making these remarks, and fervor when he spoke about the nice husband. She used to sit with her dinner pail held rigidly in its place on her knee and furtively watch him. glad to see her mother. She kissed her em-She mentally made a sketch of him every time. phatically. She nodded airily at Marthy S. She Once she put this mental sketch into objective form in the back of Greenleaf's Arithmetic and passed it to her seat-mate, who was Georgie War- maker thought of the gown, and the jacket, and Georgie giggled and said in a whisper: "Why, it's old Mr. Loomis!" And she passed on ling the arithmetic, and it had gone down a whole rov of girls, each one recognizing the portrait. The tenth girl laughed aloud. She was immediately turned her sister's purse. "But you'd have paid summoned out into the floor with the book in her hand.

The child was sternly asked what she was laughing at. She extended the "Greenleaf." uttering the one word, "That." The teacher took the book, gave one glance, then turned abruptly away lest she should talk like them. Of course it would toward the blackboard. After a moment she turned sternly toward the

school again and made this inquiry in dry, judicial "Who did this?" holding up the book.

Rowena, very pale and frightened, raised her hand. She was told to stay after school. But the teacher had only given the child a friendly lecture concerning the necessity of being respectful to the aged, and not making sketches of them.

This episode came back now to Rowena when she knew she was again being "hauled" over the road by the Loomis horse. It came back with such vividness that it might have happened the week before.

She knew now that they could not go any faster, and that they must submit, even if they died from the chill that was creeping into the marrow of their bones.

"Do you think we can walk the rest of the way?" Rowena put this question to her sister. She tried to see the track ahead of them or behind them. It was a narrow track, not very well prodden, and there was no foot-path.

Mr. Jenks, that he might claim his extra dollar. was now frequently shaking the lines and saying "Giddup" in a conversational kind of a tone that had no effect, and that was not expected to have any effect. When the horse stumbled and flourdered more than usual, his driver remarked that the old horse was " jest's balled up's he could be ere hadn't ben goin' to ball up a hoss so, not before this winter." Mr. Jenks also added that "he didn't know's he ought to be blamed 'cause 'twas such a ballin' up time."

Sarah Kimbell assured Rowena that it was of no use to get out and try to walk unless they had on rubber boots and bloomers. She supposed they

Here she laughed in a way that showed she would very soon cry. "I hope mother's got a good fire," she said almost with a sob "And I sh'll ask her to make us some ginger tea. That is, if I'm alive when I get there."

Marmaduke had by far the best of this drive into the other neighborhood. He was a wise person and he knew when he was well off. had pressed himself well in between his mistress and Sarah Kimball. If the buffalo skin slipped off the others it never slipped off him. He was thus in a way to emerge at the end of the journey in good condition and to be able to give

For the end of the journey did come. At last they saw the light in the kitchen at home. As the deliberate jingle, jingle, of the bells on the old Loomis horse sounded in the farmhouse yard, the back door opened and a dog rushed out with furious barking

A boy with his shoulders hunched up so that his head appeared sunk between them, and his hands in his pockets, appeared in the rays from the lantern fastened on the pung.

Buster! I say, Buster! Shet up, can't ye?" This was Nathan Henry. His brother Martin followed behind him, and Martin's shoulders were also hunched with the cold. He also told Buster

Of course the dog did not obey, but continued to bark and to fly frantically around the front legs of the Loomis steed.

Folks to home?" inquired Mr. Jenks with the satisfied air of a man who has just had a "good

"Ee-up," said Nathan Henry,

snuffling vigorously.

"Ee-up," said Martin.

'I guess I've brought ye some folks you'll be glad to see," remarked Mr .Jenks, stepping out

"Have you got a good fire?" asked Sarah

Kimball. The two young women in the back of the pung were now trying to step out of the vehicle. though they were young and well, they at first found it difficult to move, so stiff were they from the cold. Buster had now discovered that there was a dog, and he had come and put his force feet on the edge of the pung and was

Perhaps the dear reader has guessed that Buster is the bull terrier which Rowena bought of the man who answered her advertisement for Marmaduke, and which she sent out to her brother

Gorry! It's S. K.!" eried Nathan Henry. "And Roweny," said Martin. The two boys submitted to be kissed. The Yorkshire terrier was very distant and what Nathan Henry called a'isty" with the bull terrier.
"Mother ain't very well," said Nathan.

"What!" said Rowena almost sharply. you sent no word? She promised to let me know if anything happened out of the ordinary here."

"Oh, I guess 'tain't much. It's only to-day, any way. She's ben kinder cold 'n' shivery, 'n' she ain't eat much. She said she'd be better to-morrer. Nathan spoke with the easy optimism of youth

which has little experience in suffering. At last the two passengers had found the use of their legs sufficiently to get on to the extremely nar-

This path was about one foot wide and evidently was not made for the wearers of petticoats. Rowena suddenly thrust her purse into her

ly toward the door which led into the porch. Nathen followed her. "Marthy S. is here," he remarked. But Rowena hardly heard him. She was possessed by a sudden terror like that which used to come upor

"Will you pay him?" she said and turned quick-

her sometimes when she was a child and had thought of the possibility of losing her mother. Mrs. Tuttle had risen from the large rocker which stood by the fire and which was draped with bed comforters. Her cheeks were red and her eyes

were shining. Rowery!" she exclaimed, holding out her arms, I thought I heard your voice, but I couldn't beieve it! I couldn't believe it!

She sank into her daughter's arms and put her head on the young shoulder.

Neither of these two at this moment thought of Marthy S., who was standing the other side of the

"I ought to have come before." Rowena said; but you wrote you were so well, mother."

She gently put her mother back in the chair and

"Yes," said Marthy S, in a righteously acid

voice, "you'd oughter come before "I ain't ben so well in a long time's I've ben this | room or not."

girls a mite. Of coarse Sarah Kimball's with you?" Rowena turned toward Marthy S, and held cut her hand.

"How de do, Miss Bradford," said the dress-

Something made it impossible for Rowena to give any audible response. The woman's small, curious eyes were boring into her. She turned away coldly. She knew that Marthy S. was saying to herself that "Rowena Tuttle was so set up because she had married one of them rich Boston Bradfords that she wouldn't speak to common folks," and Miss Hancock would also say this to every one she met.

"Yes, Sarah Kimball is with me," said Rowena, replying to her mother's words. "I left her to pay Mr. Jenks. I know I was selfish; I was in such a Rowena never failed of hating him with youthful hurry to come in that I forgot that she was in a

The girl now came breezily in. She was wasn't going to be put down by that little old maid, and she wondered what the country dressthe fur cap, that she, Sarah Kimball, was wear-

"Mr. Jenks didn't get his extra dollar, thanks to me," said the girl, with a laugh, as she reit. I just told him what was what, and he could n't help himself."

She spoke with great attention to the grammatical rules. She had been quite shocked at the way her brothers talked. She was frightened not make any difference if she intended to live at home. But she did not intend to do that. She had quite other views. And these other views were still more accentuated in her mind now that she had come back and really took in how she used to live.

Sarah Kimball slowly took off her jacket and cap, knowing that Marthy S. was looking at She herself was gazing at her mother.

"What you need is a sweat," she said with practical wisdom. "If you take a good sweat now "Providence you'll be all right in the morning. Then a dose of thoroughwort tea to bring up your appetite. "I was intending to give her a sweat when she went to bed," said Miss Hancock, with some

stiffness. "We'll save you the trouble," was the glib

Though it was Sarah Kimball who suggested the treatment necessary, it was Rowena who carried out the suggestion. But the younger girl helped. She made the pennyroyal infusion; she was eager and busy.

But it was Rowena who helped her mother to bed, who put the hot jugs about her and bat beside her. It was upon Rowena that the mother's eyes dwelt with such fond persist-

"I know I'm jest as foolish as I c'n be," said Which

glad you happened to come to-night. The Rowens sat in a low chair. She was leaning forward with her elbows on the bed. She smiled hopefully and eagerly. Her mother's eyes drank in delight from the mere sight of her daughter's face. Often Rowena put out her hand and softly uehed her mother's face.
"Have you had old Mrs. McGee come in twice

week and do the hard work?" she asked.

"Oh, yes."

"And the washing and ironing?" "Yes, indeed."

"And make the butter?"

"Yes. I really ain't had enough to do, Roweny and that's a fact. And the tea and coffee you sent out! I declare I didn't know there could be such tea 'n' coffee. And the shawl, 'n' the dress. was jest goin' to have the dress cut. was jest goin' to have the dress ent. Marthy
5, couldn't git round to it till now. She said
he stuff for that dress was all wool, 'n' the
juest she'd seen."

As she listened to her mother's talk, Rowena
vas asking herself why it was there seemed so
ittle she could do for her.

Was interested to her mother's talk, and it in the to make it any less occasional."

Lum ti tum tum, Rum item.

"Some day, of course, I'll have to quit. It has
been a pre-ty long time now since I have bored you.

Gracke, with a word about love.

"A long time," exclaimed Gracke, pensively. It's
been an been an eternity. Frank!"

Yum! Yum yum! Yum yum!

Which the samelous reader all understand to be
an interlude with which the plane had nothing what S. couldn't git round to it till now. She said the stuff for that dress was all wool, 'n' the finest she'd seen."

was asking herself why it was there seemed so little she could do for her.

Mrs. Tuttle had refused with a kind of terror Mrs. Tuttle had refused with a kind of the request that she go and live with Rowena in the request that she go and live with Rowena in week with a regularly ordained minister, a snit, and a marriage license. hired girl was one of the most embarrassing objects that could be introduced into a house,

"I've been used to workin' all my life," she had said, "and 'twould be no benefit to me to

patchwork, having more time than she had ever had before. She confided to Rowena that the blue and white bedquilt was to be hers, and the pink one Sarah Kimball's. She wanted Rowena to have the solid silver table. spoons, because she had always liked that sheaf of | m wheat pictured out on the handles.

Rowena listened, her heart aching more and

The old desk that was your great-grandfather Joy's you must have, too. You like the queer old things, you know, and your sister wants new ones. Oh," breaking out with almost childish delight, "ain't I glad you happened to come to-night!"

I don't think you ought to talk any more now, said Rowena almost in a whisper. She could not help adding fervently that her mother could not be

so glad as she herself was.
"I should think, Mis. Bradford," said a voice at the door of the bedroom, "that you'd know your mother hadn't ought to be 'lowed to talk now she's tryin' to sweat."

"Tain't her fault," said Mrs. Tuttle quickly. "But I ain't goin' to talk any more now." She shut her eyes and lay quite still. Her

breathing was too short and too fast, and sometimes she gave a little short cough.

But before an hour was spent she was asleep There was a decided moisture on her face and her breath grew better. Rowena still sat there. She was now resting

her head on the edge of the bed. She was think-ing of a great many things. She heard the noises, very much subdued now, in the kitchen upon which bedroom opened. Sometimes there rose the sound of the boys' voices, but the tones of Sarah Kimball immediately hushed them.

Presently the girl came treading softly in and put her hand on her mother's forehead. She gave sitisfied nod as she did so. She made a movement with her lips asking her sister to come out, and saying that there was no need to stay. Rowena silently shook her head. She leaned again

upon the bed and at last she also fell asleep. She woke, stiff and chilly, just as the clock was striking nine. She found, when she rose, that

row path which the boys had shovelled to the door | Marmaduke had established himself silently on her skirt as it lay on the floor. He now rolled off and stretched. She picked him up and went into the

> The boys had gone to bed. Marthy S, sat at one de of the stove with her feet in the oven, and Sarah Kimball sat the other side with her feet in he oven. This was the old-fashioned cook-stove which is not a range and which has two oven doors. This arrangement as regards oven doors seems peuliarly convenient in the winter in the country where the placid act of sitting with your feet in the oven becomes a positive luxury. It is almost the only time, when you are not in bed, when you are really warm enough. This position acts upon womankind something as smoking acts upon man-

Sarah Kimball and the dressmaker were now conversing in the most amicable manner about round waists and basques, and what Miss Hancock called "passymenterry," and skirts with folds at the bottom and skirts without folds.

Marthy S, had just confessed that she had not et "got the knack of cuttin' a bell shape! skirt." She knew "bell-shapes was much worn.

In the amiability induced by having her stocknged feet in the oven and her skirt folded back ver her knees Marthy S, smiled at Rowena as she entered, and told her to draw a chair right up, Then she informed her that if "she had known jest now Mis. Bradford had ben situated in Borston she might have visited her dooring the first of the win-"But now," she went on, "I don't s'pose I "Tain't no such thing," said Mrs. Tuttle eagerly | shall. I hadn't heard whether you had a spare

> Rowena tried to say something nospitable, but did not succeed in any marked degree. She had never been very successful in what might be called

But the dressmaker was occupied with her own houghts and did not notice any lack of cordiality. "I don't s'pose," she said, "you've heard nothin'

special 2" She looked at her companions in a simpering, concious sort of a way.

"No," answered Rowens, "you know we've "And your mother ain't written nothin'?"

"I don't recall anything," replied Rowena, tryng to seem interested. Sarah Kimbali now began to have a tantalizng expression on her face. She had recalled something if her sister had not.

Miss Hancock bridled visibly now. She hoped she was blushing. She put her hand over her face. She peered between her fingers at the

"What is it?" asked Rowena, encouragingly. "I'm thinkin' of changin' my condition," said It was only by an effort that Rowena was keep

"What a goose you are!" exclaimed Sarah

ng her mind superficially upon the subject. It followed then that she seemed and was very "Your condition?" she repeated vaguely.

Kimball, laughing noiselessly. "After much thought and prayer on the subet. I've finally made up my mind." Hancock spoke very slowly. She was like one who rolls a sweet morsel on the tongue. was eager to tell her news, but she wanted to be is long as she could in the telling. "Oh!" said Rowena.

"I have finally yielded to Dencon Roper's perasions," announced the dressmaker. She put both hands over her face. She continued in a mothered tone that "she hoped it was ordered for the best."

"I congratulate you," gravely responded

Providence seemed to lead in that direction, remarked Marthy S. Providence generally does lead in the direct tion of widowers," said Sarah Kimball, flip-

But the dressmaker was too much elated to

care for any flippancy.
"I told your mar," she said, "that hers would be about the last work I should prob'ly do before

HOW SHE RELENTED.

the-the Event."

From The Chicago Tribune.

"Gracie, you-you don't think I come here too often, do you!" was the anxious inquiry of the ingentions, open faced young man who stood leaning against the plane.

interinde on the part of the piano.

"I didn't know," pursued the young man, reflectively, but I had been overdoing it.

Recoverementum. Lumitium titum tum. Recov

Helen Watterson, in The Philadelphia Inquirer,

Helen Watterson, in The Philadelphia Inquirer,
Queen Victoria, not being born a sucen, probably
learned to read Just like other persons. But after she
became afflicted with royalty, she found that a queen
is not allowed to have a great many privileges that
the humblest of her subjects can boast. For instance,
she isn't allowed to hundle a newspaper of any kind,
nor a magazine, nor a letter from any person except
from her own family, and no member of the reval
family or household is allowed to speak to her of any
piece of news in any publication.

All the information the Queen is permitted to have
must first be strained through the lucilect of a man
whose business it is to cut out from the papers each
day what he thinks she would like to know. These
scraps he fastenes on a silk sheet with a gold fringe all
about it and presents to her unfortunite majesty.
This silken sheet with gold fringe is imperative for all
communications to the Queen. Any one who wishes
to send the Queen a personal letter, which the poor
lady isn't all wed to have at allo must have it printed
in gilt etters on one of these sik sheets with a gold
fringe, just so many inches wide and no wider, all
about it. These gold trimmings will be returned to
lim in time, as they are expensive, and the Queen is
landily and thrifty, but for the Queen's presence they
are imperative.

The deprivations of the Queen's life are pathetically

are imperative.

The deprivations of the Queen's life are pathetically allowed by an incident which secured not long ago. An American lidy sent her Majesty an inducence collection of the flowers of this country, pressed and mounted. The Queen was delighted with the collection and kept it for three months, turning wer the leaves it with deep regret.

This passes for good nursery government in this country, but would hardly be accepted among adults, let alone Queens.

HE DOOK LESS INTEREST IN DOGS.

From The Chicago Tribune.

"Ten thousand dollars for a dog!" he exclaimed as he looked up from his newspaper.

"Do you believe anyone ever paid any such price,
Maria."

a ?"
I'm sure I don't know, James." she returned, withstopping her needlework even for a moment,
es the paper say that much was paid!?
Ves, there's an article on valuable dogs, and it
ks of one that was sold for \$10,000. I don't

believe it."

"It may be true, James," she said, evicity. "Some of these blooded animals bring fancy prices, and there's no particular reason why the paper should lie about it."

"I know that, Maria: but first think of it—jut try of grasp the magnitude of that sum it your weak, feminine mind. You don't seem to realize it. Ten har and dollars for a dog! Why, Maria, I that's more than I am worth!" "I know it, James, but some are worth more than others."
She went calmly on with her sewing, while he fumed and sputtered for a moment and then dropped the subject, especially the weak. families part of it.

Dainty Foods Demand It.

YN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder, use the "Royal." Better results will be obtained because it is the purest. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome. It is always reliable and uniform in its work.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

THE CHRONICLE OF ARTS,

EXHIBITIONS AND OTHER TOPICS.

IN LOCAL GALLERIES-SALES AT THE ACADEMY -A PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS-ENGLAND AND FRANCE AT THE FAIR-FOREIGN NEWS.

The principal event of the week will be the open ing of the Abner Harper exhibition, at the Fifth Avenue Art Gallertes, on Wednesday. There are 156 pictures in the collection, a number of them by celebrated Frenchmen. Mr. Eanger's landscapes remain at the Knoedler gallery, Mr. Ochtman's at the Avery gallery, and American water colors and etchings Avery gattery, and American sale of the Prang and at the Academy. The auction sale of the Prang and Paulig collections will be begun Tue-day evening, the old masters being reached on the 19th. The noble allegorical picture by Puvis de Chavannes, "L'Ete," which was noticed in The Tribune a fortnight ago, is still to be enjoyed at the Durand-Ruel gallery. will not be removed until Saturday. Persons desiring to see Mr. Fuller's beautiful example of early English and later French art at the Union League Club may do so any evening this week, on presentation of a member's card. The sales at the Academy have been lew this week but the total has been raised to \$14,500.

The death of Mr. R. Austin Robertson, one of the hree members of the American Art Association, and the necessity of making a settlement with his have decided that concern to wind up its affairs before the winter is over. The association's entire collection will be placed on exhibition in the galleries in Madison square in March, and will be sold at auction in Chickering Hall to April. It contains paintings, bronze porcelains, lacquers, enamels, swords, sword guards and other objects of art, to the extent of several thousand numbers. Among the paintings is one Rembrandt, the "Young Man in Armor" which was h he San Donato collection, and afterward belonged to M. Secretan. The rest of the pictures are modern There are six by Millet, an exceptionally large Rouseau, a magnificent "Lion Hunt" by Delacroix, from the Faure collection, and typical paintings by Corot, Dupre, Diaz, Troyon, Decamps and Daubigay, beside-eighty-odd bronzes and fourteen pictures by Burye There is a group of four Meissoniers. The names of Henner, Cazin, Boidini, Courbet, De Nitris, Montenard Miss Monet, Raffaelli and L'Hermitte are a few of these one which will figure in the catalogue. The association dates that it will reorganize immediately after the sale

One of the latest works of art produced apropoof the four-hundredth antiversary of the discovery of America is a pertrait of Christopher Columbus etche by Henri Lefort, one of the best pupils of Flamens and published by Knoedler & Co. It is a life-sized portrait based on the painting, by an unknown maer, in the Ministry of Marine at Madrid, which man historians have accepted as a more plausibe repr entation of the great explorer than the famou-Rowena. She glanced, as she spoke, warningly any of the portrait, the Alussime, now in the Ulizi, or be authentic. M. Lefort calls his plate an adaptation from the Madrid original. He has followed the facia-

tous, open faced young man who shool leaning against the plano.

England is to have 20,000 feet of space. The plano of the plano shool.

Lam it into 9 tum tum. Referrere tum tum. Which the samelous reader will understand to be an interlude on the part of the plano. and to be an the five galleries, each ninety feet long and forty-five young man, reflective feet wide, that is to say about as large he the main Reference in time. Limit time it me it me it me it me. Reference in the cold shade. Frank?"

"Why, it was the stipulation, you know, when you give me the cold shade, that I should some to see you occasionally as a friend, so as not to break off too sudden and get people to talking. Who it?"

Lumit tum tum. Fill will will will will. Kerchan. Kerchang. Reference it is thought with will. Kerchang. Kerchang Reference it is thought with will in the processionally, once or twice a week is occasionally, isn't it?

"Yes, I suppose you could call it so."

"But when a fellow gets to coming three or four times a week, you know, it books as if he were getting off the occasional basis and trying to make a new deal. That's what worrying me."

"I wouldn't-refrumtum. Kerching—let such a thing as that-hund dam tum—worry me."

"I wouldn't-refrumtum. Kerching—let such a thing as that-hund fam tum—worry me."

"I wouldn't-refrumtum. Kerching—let such a thing as that-hund than it is now. And if I be pretty tough on me to make it any less occasional."

Lumit tum tum. Lumitum.

"Some day, of course, I'll have to quit. It has the first, refort to dis, the fifth, which could be fitted be given over to dis, the fifth, which could be fitted by with the strong that this would "probably quite called and whites. Now it is thought that this would "probably quite unface, but the French have agreed to fill segono the feet of space, and it is borne in upon "The Gazette" that a grand opportunity is to be offered the foreign artist at the Fair, not only in the probably quite unface, but the French have agreed to fill segono the feet of space, and it is borne in upon "The Gazette" that a grand opportunity is to be offered the foreign artist at the Fair, not only in the precise of space, and it is borne in upon "The Gazette" that a grand opportunity is to be offered the foreign artist at the Fair, not only in the precise of space, and it is borne in upon "The Gazette" that a grand opportunity is to be offered the foreign artist at the Fair, not only which most of our painters' best work in the past can be reproduced to the American public," continues "The Gazette," "for it will probably only be in rare instances. It has that pictures can be lent, it belooves both the artists and the engravers to see that this class of production is

a second thought to the death of Count de Nieuwer-harke, at Gattafola, in Italy, which was announced tha other day; yet his name is inseparably connected with a collection that is of the deepest interest to us, as it The Count was Superintendent of the Fine Arts in France under the Empire—it was under his administ a-tion that the sum of 615,000 france was paid for Muril too that the sum of closes have was part for Mari-lo's "Assumption"-but he was deprived of his office in 1870 and left Paris for Italy. Before he departed he sold his picture-que house in the Rue Murillo to Mr. Eliges, of Washington, D. C., and with it his extensive armory. Mr. Riggs has added to the latter continually; it now contains over 10,000 objects, and it is of weapons in Europe. Mr. Higgs has expressed his intention to leave it to America, hesitating between our Metropolitan Museum of Art and some Washington in stitution, presumably the Corceran Gallery. Count de Menwerkerke was one of the dovens of Be Academie a very active factor in the French art would prior to the fall of the Empire. He was a sculptor of some reputation in his day. An equestrian statue of William the Silent, at the Hagne; another of Napoleon I, at Lyons; busts of the Marquise de Cador; Muie, Connean, the Princess Ma at and the Princess Mathible, in whose noted salon, drawn so vividity by "Les Gon-court," he was a familiar and imposing digure; and a quantity of other works, remain to pres rve his memory.

Artis's in London are talking with much gusto about the fortune of \$00,000 a year which Mr. Val Prinsep has inherited through the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Frederick Leyland, the owner of the wonderful and the English pre Raphaelites. The general public has and the largest pre-vaponance. The general point chas a livelier interest in the pictures, which are expected to be sold at Caristie's this senson, though nothing posi-tive is known about their ultimate fate. It is in this collection that are gathered together some of the rarest masterpieces of Botticelli, Signor-Ili, Giorgione, Giovanni Bellint, Filippino Lippi, Ressetti, Eurnes Jones, Watts, Legros and other men of world-wide fame, and it is in this house that Whistler painted his gleat "freareack Room," which is adorned with an other work from his hand, a full-length portrait of Miss Sparfall, in Japanese cos une. The exhibition which Mr. Whistler is to hold in London next month will be of about twenty nocturies made on the Tham's, in Venice and in Valpariuse at different times, and not his herto shown to the public. At the South Kinsington Museum they have set up a full size east of the Myrsuppina mo ument, by Desiderio de Setti, hand, which is at the Church of Santa Croce, in Flor nee. Students and connoisseurs are naturally excited over it, for it is one of he most perfect examples of mortuary sculpture in the whole rauge of Remaissance art. New York is to be concratulated upon the fact that this monument forces part of he list of easts for the exterior contemplated for the Metropolitan Museum. Of the fine Brain monumen by Bernardo Rossellino, however, which faces Marsuppin's in Santa Croce, we are to have only a fragment. Giovanni Bellini, Filippino Lippi, Ressetti, Barne-

C. GORJU, late Chef, Delmonico's. the 7th of May, and there is a possibility of one sur-prise at least suggested by the rumor that Mr. Burne-dones is to send his "Golden-Stairs" composition. It he does it will be his first contribution to a Frenci exhibition. The Raflet exhibition, now being arranged by the Society of Boschib. exhibition. The Enflet exhibition, now being arranged by the Society of Pastellist, is promised for the last week in April. The Eriot exhibition, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, will be held in May. The "Figaro" has proposed that the Ecole des Beaux-Arts might institute an annual exhibition of old masters, after the fashion of the e held in London and Berlin, pointing out that the museums and private collections of France hold the material for an almost endless series of exhibitions. Henriquel Dupont, the old enganver, is dead so are Gu tave Boulanger, the historical painter, and Ernest Christophe, the sculptor. These are the week's notes from Paris. From Cherbourg comes news of some recently detected Millet forgeries and from Nancy the incredible report that the remains of Chade, which have been unearthed in the Church of St. Nicolas du Port, are in a good state of preservation. From Rome it is learned that the Torionia collection has been ceded to the Government and will be made the nucleus of a national museum.

The Issue for 1892 of Mr. Marcus B. Huish's compact fluttees of the content of the compact of the part of

The issue for 1802 of Mr. Marcus B. Huish's compact little annual, "The Year's Art," has been published by Virtue & Co., of London, to take its place among the Indispensable books relating to contemporary art matters in Grean Britain and the provinces. There are the usual abstracts of the reports submitted by the heads of art institutions, full statistics of past sales and exhibitions, memoranda, of exhibitions to come, and many pages of miscellaneous information. Four pages are devoted to art in the United States, the data given consisting of a list of our art museums and societies, and the rules and regulations of the department of fine artsof the Chicago Exposition. On page 8 is a catalogue of the sixty one works purchased for South Kensington and the terms of the Chantrey bequest from 1877 to 1891. Three Americans are represented. John 8 surgent by the "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose," a picture of a children's garden party, which was bought in 1887 of \$3,500; Alfred Parsons by a landscappe, "When Nature Painted All Things Gay," purchased in the same year for \$2,450; and Mrs. Anna Lea Merritt by the beautiful figure piece, "Love Locked Out," which was acquired in 1890 for \$1,250. Among the year's purchases of the British Museum's print department sixteen etchings, chiefly portraits, by J. Mden Weir, are mentioned, showing, what we are glad to see, that Mr. Colvin has been quick to detect Mr. Weir's originality and strength.

Admirers of a style of architectural drawing which has had its day among draughtsmen, but which will never lose its quaint artistic value, will find a good specimen of it in a sketch of a street in Schaffhaussn by Samuel Prout, which is printed in "The American Architect and Building News" for February 6, the best of all the plates in that number.

THE AMERICAN MATRON.

AND MER DEAR GIRLS. Van Gryse" in The San Francisco Argonaut.

With acquaintance comes a mild overflow of admirator for the New York Corpeia. There was never any one so exquisitely fine, and finished, and neat. You may find this hely with her temper in dishability, but you never had her with her hair out of order. That flawless head dress is never marred by a loosened I not have less head dress is hever marked by a loosened per per a in par har an annow, yen a thought, associate her with a rumpled collar or a muddled sairt. She is always at the same pressure of coordinates and the same perfection. When you ran into her on broadway on a wet day, she is still exquisite and unrained, clear as to sain and eye, smooth as to hair, placed as to manner, dry as to foot. When you find any stilling her daugher gyrate in the arms of the graded youth of Godman, she greets you with a trangall, sufficiently warm saile, and without trace of fatigue in her clear cut face or of impatience in her well-regulated manner, comments agreeably on the sail.

from the Madrid original. He has followed the facial lines very closely, but has given the head a stronger, more dignified and scripture-sque character, and for the costume he has gone to the archives of the Bibliotheque Nationale, where there is more elaborate material than is to be found in the sixteenth century painting. It is a virile, monumental portrait and presents a likeness of Columbus that is far more interesting than any witch is generally known to our public, not excepting that in M. Brozik's meretricious painting in the Metropolitan Muesum of Art.

"The St. James's Gazette" comments upon the proportion of space which is to be allotted to British art at the Chicago Fair, with first the faintest undercurrent of dubt as to whether the Nation might not have been wiser in asking for greater area. England is to have 20,000 feet of space. "The Gazette" takes the pains to reduce this to terms which may be added him to the proportion of space with the faintest undercurrent of dubt as to whether the Nation might not have been wiser in asking for greater area. England is to have 20,000 feet of space. "The Gazette" takes the pains to reduce this to terms which may be added the failure of the manufact recomments upon the ball.

The American matron, feeling that she is the custodian of the morals of the future generation, is, of course, very firm in seeing that the children imbible learning and ideas from only the purest sources. Her two dear girls, whose career is decided apon when they are yet in their swadiing clothes, well-recommended governesses and the most expensive very firm in seeing that the children imbible learning and ideas from only the purest sources. Her two dear girls, whose career is decided agon when they are yet in their swadiing clothes

emarkable to be altogether in good taste. See stone to the large that she really does contemplate being a professional, we that she really does contemplate being a professional, actually is going on the concert stage, the American matron cannot be sufficiently thankful that she taboved her in time. What a dangerous acquaintance for the

Then there was a dreadful man that she herself had asked to the house. She liked him, and never suspected what sort of a person he really was. He was a most presentable individual, dressed just like any one clee, bud a refined voice and an English accent, had his hair parted and cut just like a gentleman, and would really have deceived any one. One evening, some question of piano playing came up, and one of the dear girls played. The Monastery Bell' in the way she had been taught at Mue, de Loone's school. And alterward that quiet, personalle, massuming commonplace young man golo up and played on the plano in such a way that every one sat around paralyzed. It was so impleusantly striking that nobody talked. They all listened, which is a thing nobody ever does. And, of course, every person there knew there was something queer about it, and then it leaked out that he was a professional. The American matron had to make a round of visits afterward and tell all her friends how she really had been entirely ignorant of what class of man he was when she asked him to the house. After that it blew over, but at one time it really looked as if it night grow into quite a scandal. But men have to be gathered for the delectation of the dear girls, who, fulfilling the destiny of women, will marry decently and in order at the age of twenty-five or theresisents, start up a nice, well-propounted little establishment, have a nice, well-propounted little establishment, have a nice, well-brought up little family, and develop hito the severest type of American matron. There is some trouble in inading them gaze upon the dear girls with the eyes of love. They come of respectable families, moving in good sets. They have moderate incomes, and are all someth alike in style, manner, appearance and general cut that knowing one you know them all. These young men dress well and nove make "bad breaks" in any way. A cursory investigation into their post carvers reveals no desceroting crimes. They can be their crawats and dance the wall; and the

COLLINTING TICK DUES.

From The Philadelphia Record.

The charming blonde who presides at the registered letter window of the postoffice threw up her dainty hands with surprise a tew days ago when a gentleman walked up to the window and, indurning a big grip, dumped its contents befare her. There were 470 latters to be registered, such a tak had never before fellen to her lot. Her appeal for help brought the chief of the division, who provided help in the shape of three assistants for her, and the pile was soon disposed of. The man stood by until the receipts were given him.

The fact is," he explained, "I am secretary of a fashionable club, and its the most difficult matter is fashionable club, and its the most difficult matter is ortion contemplated for the Metropolitan Museum.

of the fine firmi monumen by Bernardo Rossellino, nowever, which faces Marsuppint's in Santa Croce, we re to have only a fragment.

The Salon of the Chump-de-Murs is to be opened on

MRS. OSBORNE'S CASE

SOME REFLECTIONS BY A FOREIGNER.

Sir: "Doubts as to her responsibility were freely expressed." Such were the words used by London correspondent to describe the state of publie feeling manifested at the Guildhall Police Court the other day when the unhappy wife of gallant little Captain Osborne was brought before the Lord Mayor on a criminal charge of obtaining money under false pretences, in connection with the now famous "Great Pearl Case." Popular sentiment-especially when it proceeds from the unemotional, honest and altogether sound Anglo-Saxon heart-is ordinarily correct in such questions as these-a fact which is indirectly admitted by all of those civilized nations who have adopted trial by jury. For the jury is nothing more nor less than the embodiment of public sentiment.

There is no doubt that the latter was well founded in the case of Mrs. Osborne, and that she was not altogether responsible for her moral aberration in stealing her friend's jewels and then selling them. The perjury followed, as a matter of course. But can any woman be held responsible for her acts or her words-at any rate, responsible in the same degree as a man? is it right for us to judge, and, above all, to punish the moral shortcomings of women by the same code as those of men? Should there not be one standard of honor and honesty-and a very stringent one-for men, and another far less severe for women? These are problems which will have occurred to every thoughtful man in connection with the Osborne case, and they merit a passing comment. "Woman has more heart than head." This is

an old Russian proverb, the truth of which, how-

ever, is apparent all the world over-in some countries perhaps more than in others. It is this that constitutes the greatest charm of woman in the eyes of man, her greatest claim on his consideration. his affection and his love. It is the superiority of heart to head that endears woman to man above everything else, and her attractions diminish in his eyes in proportion as she allows her head to obtain the mastery of her heart. There is all the difference between the woman with more head than heart on the one hand, and the woman with more heart than head on the other, that there is between a cold, classical concerto, performed by some highly trained but altogether soulless artist, and "Home, Sweet Home," sung by Patti, as she alone knows how to interpret it. How rarepraise be to Allah-is the woman who thinks before she speaks, instead of afterward, and who weighs in advance the possible consequences of the words she is about to utter. As a rule, woman's remarks-aye, and her acts as well are more due to momentary impulse than to mature deliberation, and when by any chance she does concentrate her thoughts for the purpose of carrying out some pet project or plan, she looks neither to the right nor to the left and permits no co siderations of common-sense, logic or even of justice to bar the way.

While it is impossible to deny that this absence of logic, of forethought and of proper se quence, this abandonment, in fact, to almost every impulse, contributes to render women interesting and attractive in our eyes, since it keeps us on the qui vive and we never know what they are going to do next, nor how soon they will require our assistance to extricate them from some tangle or other, yet it must be acknowledged that it occasionally lands them into a quandary from whence an honorable or satisact ry issue is well nigh impossible. Such, for astance, is the case of Mrs. Osborne. It is one

which is typical. I do not mean by this that an charming women go about stealing their friends' jewels-although it cannot be denied that their perception of the difference existing between means and cours is just a triffe less keen than ours-But the theft of which Mrs. Osborne rendered herself guilty, and which has resulted in her present incarceration in Holloway Prison, was clearly an act of impulse, done on the spur of the moment and without the slightest forethought of the in evitable consequences of the deed. Mrs. Hargreaves had revealed the secret of the drawer in which the pearls were concealed only to her husband, to one of the latter's friends whose wealth placed him above suspicion, and to Mrs. Osborne. Had the latter reflected for one moment she would have at once realized that the theft would immediately be laid at her door, all the more as she had made no secret of the fact that she was at the time greatly embarrassed for want of money. A more silly theft it would be impossible to coneive; and yet Mrs. Osborne was by no means a defence in court showed that. She was merely like the rest of her very charming sex, a creature

If have seen it stated in the newspapers that free girls it to the standard of complacent mediocrity that the erican matron approves. Very clever people, or y dashing people, are not encouraged by this careful. That young woman, who is the Montgomery this first consin, was never asked to the house a first consin, was never asked to the house a first time, she came to a diamer, she talked so much—so brilliantly some people that the men on the opnosite side of the would not do anything but listen to her. They rely neglected the girls bedde them, just to hear it this remarkable young woman was saving. Then the third young woman was saving. Then the third you have the table, which is not at all the time of the third young woman was saving. Then the third young woman was saving. Then the third young woman was saving. Then the time of the third young woman was saving. Then the time of the third young woman was saving. Then the time of the third young woman was saving. Then the time of the third young woman was saving. Then the time of the third young woman was saving. Then the time of the third young woman was saving. Then the time of the third young woman was saving. Then the time of the third young woman was saving the proposite of the proposite side o irremediable disgrace. The danger had to be avertid at all cost, and without stopping one moment to consider that her theft would lead to far greater ignominy and shame, she on the impulse of the moment, and bling to the logical and inevitable consequences of the crime, stole her triends jewels, and then maked on them a sum friend's jewels, and then raised on them a sum of money, which she forthwith paid in part to her lingere. She was not a poor girl, for she had an allowance of some \$3,000 or \$4,000 a year pin money. But in her purchases of articles de toitete, she, like most other women, especially in Europe, where larger and longer credits are given by tradespeople than here-ordered and bought things on the impulse of the moment, without an instant's thought of that dread period which the trench say cranically describe as the "Ourt." in the reench so graphically describe as the "Quart school, d'heure de Rabelais." The Tribune who honor this letter with their per-rusal will take exception to the statement that

The Bribune who honor this letter with their perusal will take exception to the statement that women are accustomed to purchase on impulse, without due consideration of the possibility and of tac time of payment, or of difficulties in which they are likely to become involved thereby. But let them question the leading ladies' tailors, furriers, modistes and lingeres with regard to the truth of my assistion. I have not had the opportunity of conversing with any of these gentry in this city, but in Perus I have often discussed the subject with some of the great faiscurs, while waiting for my very superior half, during those typical feminine "five minutes," which invariably develop into one or even two hours. For not only money, but also time flies at the coutariers' and modistes'. Their experiences are all more or less of the same character, namely, that the difficulty of getting ladies to pay their bills has the effect of diminishing their annual profits no less than 10 per cent of the capital invested in their business. They give a curious classification concerning the readiness of their customers to syttle their accounts. The best customers, they declare, are the newly enriched, the prevenus, who hope by prompt payment to acquire a consideration on the part of the contarier that would otherwise—so they believe—be restricted to the aristocracy. Nat in rank come the actresses, who generally pay fairly well, as dresses constitute part and parel of their implements of trade. After that come the demi-mondaines, who pay well whenever they are well provided with money. Lowest in the list come the great ladies of rank, the leadiers of society, who, no matter whether rich or poor, rarely pay, unless absolutely forced thereto, "And," added one of the conturiers, in the course of society, who, no matter whether rich or poor, rarely pay, unless absolutely forced thereto, "And," added one of the conturiers, in the course of inducing us to relent when we have announe d our intention of stopping further supplies until settlem

feminine reply: "Oh, dear no. It is bad enough to have to pay the total, without being forced to examine the details thereof. When you are ordered a dose of medicine, you surely do not take it by slips as if it were a glass of maraschino?"

Of course such an argument as this, especially when uttered by a pretty woman, is unanswerable.

EX-DIPLOMAT.